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F. J. GREENSTREET EDITOR

VOL. I. No. 1
THURSDAY, JUNE 8th, 1881.

Q. WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

It is claimed by those who are competent to judge that if the next harvest is a failure Manitoba will be bankrupt. While this may, we trust, be an over drawn picture, it is only too obvious to the general observer that the late agricultural returns have indeed justified the cry of "hard times," while all the same "times" may not be as bad as many endeavor to establish. It is a fact as clear as the sun at noon day that much speculation is made upon the crops in embryo as they are. If the coming harvest is a success there is little doubt that it will be the making, or perhaps re-making of Manitoba, as it is already made. All the world over interest is centered on our future grain crops, and already the prophets of Cornucopia have predicted what the harvest shall be. An American exchange published in New York has printed with big headings MANITOBA CROPS.—A PHENOMENAL YIELD OF WHEAT PREDICTED FOR THAT PORTION OF CANADA, and reads as follows:—New York, May 30. A special despatch from Montreal to the Evening Post says:—"Robt. Watson, Minister of Public Works in the Manitoba Government, who has been here for several days, predicts for the Canadian prairies a phenomenal crop of wheat for the autumn of 1881." While this much resembles the farmer's wife recounting the chickens before they are hatched, it is at any rate an encouraging prophecy, if only Hon. Robt. is really also amongst the prophets. There is one characteristic of the people of this country that, while a most helpful one, is perhaps more peculiar to us as a people than almost any other, viz.—our faith in the future. Probably never during the entire history of the Province of Manitoba, has there been two harvests alike, and very few really good ones; but still the people look to a good harvest this year. So far the prospects are blooming, the exterior, namely late though fine seedling and the frequent beneficial showers have made the prospects highly encouraging. The grain is coming up thick and fast, and the hay harvest is pregnant with abundance. All things considered the farmer who after all is the "first creditor of the state" has cause for rejoicing, and if we fondly hope and believe, the late departure of winter is indicative of its late return, we are justified in expecting that "our barns shall be filled with plenty," and have food for man and beast, and have no complaining in our streets.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

The annual meeting of the Farmers' Institute was held in the Foresters' Hall on Saturday last, Mr. Wm. Wood presiding. After the general business of the past year had been approved of, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Wm. Wood, President; Jno. Middleton, Vice President; A. M. Bradford, Sec. Treas.; Directors—Geo. Freeman, S. H. Greenwood, J. McTurk, T. Montgomery, J. Ives, Chas. Freeman, Auditors, Rev. R. G. Stevenson and W. M. Cushing, Delegates to Central Institute—A. M. Bradford.

All persons joining the Farmers' Institute before July 1st will have the Northwest Farmer sent to them for one year free of charge.

ADDRESS BY MR. R. A. BEDFORD ON SUMMER FALLOW.

What is our object in summerfallowing? 1. To destroy weeds already growing on the land before they go to seed, plowing should be done before the weeds seed, or they will get too stiff to turn under.

2. To encourage the germination and kill all the dormant weed seeds lying in the ground. This can be done by repeated harrowing, and this should be done when the weeds are small, otherwise the harrow will do little good.

3. To completely rot the stable that has gathered below the surface from several fall plowings thus making the soil

more solid and in a better condition to retain moisture in a dry season.

4. To loosen up and sweeten heavy or sour land. The season in which this work is done is most suitable for the purpose.

5. To lessen the amount of work to be done in the fall and spring, when most farmers have more than they can properly accomplish.

Some of the mistakes often made in summerfallowing.

1st. Plowing so late that many of the weed plants have seeded—or the mass of vegetable growth is so large that it is impossible to turn it all under even with a chain.

2nd. Not harrowing soon enough after plowing, making it impossible to destroy the long weeds.

3rd. Discontinuing the use of the harrow too early in the season, thus allowing the weeds to ripen before frost.

4th. Plowing twice for fallow which generally leaves the soil in a loose condition and encourages a rank growth in a wet year and also allows the soil to dry out in a season of drought.

We have found that the common two or three horse cultivator is an excellent implement to stir the soil after the ground gets so hard that the harrow will not work to advantage. If say a peck or two of grain is sown on the fallow some time in August the cattle will eat it off, keep down any weeds that may come up and also make the ground solid with their hoofs. I would warn the farmers of this district to beware of two weeds that are rapidly getting possession of our farms, namely: Sweet Grass, which ripens its seed during this month and also spreads rapidly by means of its roots, also Stink or French weed, easily known by its strong smell when crushed in the hand.

The seed stalks of the Sweet Grass should be cut at once as it grows freely from seed, then experiment in destroying it either by sowing late spring grain heavily or by working the roots to the surface and burning them.

The destruction of the French weed is not so easy, and so far hand picking is the only means discovered to get rid of it. This weed is perhaps the worse known in this country. It spreads rapidly, seeds sticking to wheels of wagons, hoofs of cattle in the joints of farm machinery and when once established is very difficult to eradicate, if a patch, however small, is found on a farm, it should be pulled by hand at once and no grain sown on the land until you are satisfied that all the seed has germinated.

MANITOBA CATTLE SUSPECTED OF BEING DISEASED.

AN ANIMAL OF IRONSIDES & GORDON'S SHIPMENT HELD IN ENGLAND FOR EXAMINATION.

Ottawa, June 2.—A communication was received by cable from the high commissioner to-day informing the department of agriculture that a lung of an animal consigned by Messrs. Ironsides & Gordon, of Pilot Mound, Man., to an English firm and destined for Liverpool, which sailed from Montreal May 21st, has been reserved for special examination under the microscope by the veterinary officers of the Imperial department of agriculture in consequence of evidence of pulmonary trouble.

Sir Charles Tupper is thoroughly alive to the situation, and everything possible is being done to protect Canadian interests. The last investigation which was made by the department in the Province of Manitoba showed an utter absence of disease, but the department has ordered a further particular examination in consequence of the report received from Sir Charles Tupper.

HIS SIMPLE SINCERITY.

They loved each other devoutly, notwithstanding he weighed 120 and she the net 175.

For three hours all the furniture in the room might have been removed and they would not have missed it.

"Henry," she murmured, her arms about his neck, "do you love me?"

"More than all the world," he answered, sincerely.

"And do you love me the same, whatever my moods may be?"

"The same, dearest."

"But not this evening, Henry!"

"Why not this evening?" he asked reproachfully.

"Because I have such a cold, and am so dull and heavy."

"Why, dearest, you are not—"

"Stop, Henry," she cooed, as she put her soft hand over her mouth. "Don't you really think I am dull and heavy this evening?"

Henry twisted about just a trifle.

"Well, dearest," he hastened, "if I may say so, you are not at all dull, but don't you see, we are just a—just a wee bit heavy," and he shifted one foot slightly to the north-west.

A FINE INVENTION.

We were shown on Friday last the photographic and artistic photograph of Mr. James Ross, of Kitchener, and formerly of Lucknow. The "Review" in speaking of it says: "An inventive genius is James Ross, pattern-maker at Grandy Bros. & Co.'s stove foundry. For the past three years he has been fashioning in his mind, and afterwards with a master, a secretary and writing desk. Last week he completed it and called in his friends to view this beautiful creature of his ingenuity. It is in 51,000 pieces and 184 different kinds of wood, some grown in his own garden, others grown on the sunny slopes of the Pacific. It has revolving doors which open and close noiselessly. The drawers have secret locks and when closed are locked. On a dial fitted near the top of the cabinet is a twelve-pointed star, each point indicating an hour in the day. This star covers only two square inches of space and contains 28 pieces. It is all solid, inlaid wood and beautifully "finished." Mr. Ross intends exhibiting it at the Columbian Exposition and we have no doubt he will be a great success for the exhibition.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Quickest route to the

World's Fair

Direct and Cheapest route to
Montreal, New York and
all Eastern Cities.
—ALSO TO—

Kootenay Mining Country,
Spokane Falls and the

PACIFIC COAST.

Excursion Tickets to
Banff,

EUROPE

From Montreal every Wednesday
and Saturday; from New
York every Wednesday, Thurs-
day and Saturday.

AUSTRALIA

From Vancouver to Honolulu
and Sydney.

S. S. Miowera..... June 14.
S. S. Warrimoo..... July 14
and every month thereafter.

CHINA AND JAPAN

From Vancouver to Yokohama
and Hong Kong.

Empress China..... July 7
Empress India..... July 29th
Empress Japan..... June 20
and every three weeks thereafter.

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C. F. TRAVIS, Agent, ELKHORN.
ROBERT KERR,
General Passenger Agent.

W. P. G.

OCEAN STEAM-SHIPS.

ROYAL MAIL LINE.

Cheapest and Quickest Route to the Old
Country.

FROM MONTREAL.

Lake Winnipeg..... June 14th
Lake Superior..... June 21st
Sarnia..... June 23rd
Labrador..... June 17th
Vancouver..... July 1st
Oregon..... July 9th
Numidian..... July 8th
Laurentian..... July 1st
Farisan..... June 21st
Mongolian..... June 17th

FROM NEW YORK.

Germanic..... June 7th
Majestic..... June 14th
Britannic..... June 21st
Teutonic..... June 28th
Aurania..... July 1st
Atruria..... June 17th
Campania..... June 20th
Servia..... June 20th
Berlin..... July 8th
New York..... July 17th

Cabin, \$50, \$60, \$70, \$80,
Intermediate, \$35; Steerage, \$24.

Passenger ticketed through to all
points in Great Britain and Ireland at
especially low rates. Prepaid passages ar-
ranged from all points. Purchase your
ticket at starting point, and get advantage of
the cheap railway fares in connection
with Ocean Tickets. Apply to
C. F. TRAVIS, Agent.

ELKHORN.

ROBERT KERR,
General Steamship Agt.

Winnipeg.

W. H. COOPER.

ELKHORN.



They are the shortest and brief - *prose* - of the four. - *Memorandum*, Act II, Scene 2.

Fisk Jubilee Singers next Tuesday evening.

Mr. Preston has moved into the Broadway block.

The Indian Home brewer's shop is having a new front put up.

M. Gilbert preached in the Methodist church on Sunday morning last.

Mr. E. L. King will preach in St. Mark's Church on Sunday next.

The Virden Grist Mill was consumed by fire between 10 and 11 o'clock last night.

Mr. Geo. Freeman has sold his farm, and we understand intends removing to Elkhorn to live.

Councillors Wood and Freeman were inspecting the new bridge at Lipperton on Monday of this week.

Call round and see the new livery outfit in town. A good turnout guaranteed by the proprietor, J. H. Cavanagh.

Mr. Clifford has improved the appearance of his house by adding a porch verandah and a coating of paint.

Mr. A. Bedford of the Experimental Farm, Brandon, was in town the early part of the week.

Mr. H. B. Buntingham is the lay delegate from Elkhorn to the Methodist Conference now sitting in Brandon.

Rev. Mr. Cheanot of Broadbanc will preach in the Presbyterian church on Sunday next, morning and evening.

A Scotch newspaper publishes births, marriages and deaths under the headings "Yells," "Bells" and "Knells."

The Patrons of Industry meeting called for at Elkhorn on the 8th inst, is postponed till further notice.

Mr. Taylor has moved into Mr. Parsons' house near the school. Mrs. Taylor is expected back from England in a few days.

The new Baker is expected to arrive in a day or two, and the Elkhorn Bakery will be in full swing next week, under the new management.

The new school house is becoming in adequate for the increase of pupils, and it is expected that in a very short time it will have to be enlarged.

The Indian Home was fairly decorated with flags on Wednesday in honor of the visit to the Homes of Indian Chief Asaham, from the St. Peters Reserve.

The Globe's Ottawa correspondent says it is rumoured that H. J. Macdonald M.P. for Winnipeg, may appointed Lieutenant Governor for Manitoba, the choice being between A. W. Ross, M. P. and the son of Canada's celebrated Premier, the late Mr. John McDonald.

During the past week we have had some beautiful showers of rain, it raining for three days almost incessantly, which, no doubt, will be a great benefit to the country. The crops in the Elkhorn district are looking exceedingly well, and the prospects for a great harvest very bright.

Mr. Lynch, of Beulah, was in town on Monday and left on Tuesday morning's train for a trip to Winnipeg. He reports the crops around Beulah as growing rapidly, and says that he never saw them so far advanced at this date in any previous year since he came to the country, some 14 years ago.

Millions of mosquitoes morning miniture musical miseries from morning to midnight by manifestly makes madness in me, mæts off me, and mischief for me, maliciously maintaining my melancholy, magnifying my malevolence, and making miserable man and maidens mourn for the millenium.

Rev. T. M. Talbot was married at Brandon on May 30th to Miss Hunt, of that city. The Rev. Dr. Sutherland officiated. We have not yet received a full account of the wedding. Mr. Talbot will attend the Brandon Conference on his way to Elkhorn, and expects to arrive here about the 15th inst. The ADVOCATE extends its congratulations to the newly married couple and wishes them long and lasting happiness.

About half past nine o'clock on Tuesday evening an ADVOCATE reporter was aroused from his lair by voices, prolonged an united yell, accompanied by a one note musical instrument, much resembling the banjo. Investigation revealed the return of the lacrosse boys from their exploit of beating the Virden boys. Of course they were boisterous and who would not be. Play up Elkhorn, one more victory like the last and the bunting is yours.

On Sunday, Rev. W. Beattie of Virden preached two excellent sermons in the Presbyterian church. In the evening he was heard by a crowded house, and preached an eloquent and practical sermon from the text: "Rejoice in the Lord alway." Philip, IV, 4, 9. He showed the duty of Christians was to develop more spirituality in the home, the church, and business. He deprecated the continual growth of hard times, and argued that because so much had been said about hard times in Manitoba the capitalists had tightened their purse strings, and thus prevented the proper circulation of money.

Rev. G. W. Fortune has accepted the call from the Elkhorn Presbyterian congregation. Arrangements have been made for the Induction and Ordination June 29th at 3 o'clock, p.m. Rev. D. H. Hedges of Oak Lake, will address the people, and Rev. G. Lockhart of Alexander will address the Minister, after which Rev. Mr. Fortune will have charge of the congregation. Until after the induction the congregation will be supplied as follows: Rev. Mr. Cheanot of Broadbanc preaches on June 11th; Rev. G. Lockhart of Alexander on June 18th, and Rev. D. H. Hedges of Oak Lake on June 25th.

Mr. Geo. Bell is enlarging his house. Don't forget to hear the Fisk Jubilee Singers on Tuesday evening next.

It flew so hard in Southern Manitoba that day that farmers exchanged seed grain and mortgages were blown off the farms. - *Progr. Liberal*.

There will be an excursion to Virden on the local, Friday the 16th. Tickets 85 cents for the round trip which will be good until Saturday 11th. Washburn's circus shows there Friday.

The Vancouver News-American says that Charles Kelly, the well-known Winnipeg basso, has changed his name to Charles Colby, by which he will hereafter be known in professional circles.

The Hooleton Lodge Patrons of Industry intend having a picnic on the grounds near the Lipperton Public Hall on Wednesday, June 14th. Games of base ball etc. will be played, and a band will be expected. Entertainment and dance will be held in the hall in the evening.

Mrs. Greenstreet and two children arrived from Sarnia, Ontario, on Sunday last. Mrs. Greenstreet who has been in the east for over seven months, is glad to return to the North West, and to see that everything—including the mud of Whitewood, is favorable for a splendid harvest. Mr. and Mrs. Greenstreet and family have taken up their quarters in the house formerly owned by Mr. McArthur, and lately occupied by Mr. Joseph Lamont.

A meeting was held on Tuesday last by the members and adherents of the Methodist Church, to arrange for the opening of the new church. Sunday, June 25th was the day arranged for, and it is expected that Rev. Dr. Sparling, Principal of Wesley College, Rev. Mr. Leech Ph. D. of Brandon, and Rev. G. W. G. Fortune of Elkhorn, and others will participate in the opening ceremonies. The concert will be held on the Monday evening, when musical talent is expected from Moosomin and Virden. It is expected the Presbyterian service will be suspended on that day, and an effort will be made to provide special musical attractions for the Sabbath services.

An Anglo Indian war dance occurred in front of our office windows the other evening, in the lively strains of a march, the clanging of cymbals and the distinct booms and roar of some of our most noisy light steppers. The dance was initiated by a couple on the sidewalk, which accommodation rapidly became inadequate, and they retired to the street where a large number of performers entered, tailed the staff with various lops, squares, polkas, etc. Much difficulty at first was experienced in the coupling up, as ladies were conspicuously by their absence. However, eventually this was easily arranged, and the timsmith imagined, pro tem, that the tinker was his wife. No. 2—danced with Dummy who made an excellent substitute for a belle, and Jack was delighted with the excellent gait and the twenty-two inch waist of a Blackfoot, while Mac and No. 3, the noisiest of the crowd, took the lead. The Blackfoot Indian at the pow-wow, until the latter, from sheer exhaustion and inexperience, fell out and remained in reserve to yell.

Judging from a conversation held at one of the Virden hotels on Friday morning at breakfast time, Virdenites are gloating over the fact that there is no stoppage to be made at Elkhorn by the two express trains (No. 1 and No. 2). One gentleman was overheard remarking that the Elkhorn people had always said that the advantages of having a coal shed and good water supply could not be overlooked by any town, and that there must be utilized by the C. P. R. and therefore prove beneficial to the town. And now the express trains run right through Elkhorn and stop at Virden, which will be very galling to the Elkhorn people, who may be interesting to our Virden friends to know that we still claim that the advantage that we have over Virden will be recognized by the C. P. R., and that, although Elkhorn is not this month billed as a stopping place for the express, yet before long we will wager the express from east and west, No. 1 and No. 2, the freights and the extras, the specials and even Van Horne's private trains, will, as they always have, stop at Elkhorn, and it may also be interesting to our Virden friends who board at the Victoria house, and others to learn that nearly all of the express trains which have run since June 1st HAVE stopped at Elkhorn for coal or water, because they found they HAD TO. We shall not feel the least surprised if before many days it will be Virden's turn to feel "galled," because they had that Virden as a stopping place has been cut off, and Elkhorn substituted.

The following appeared in the Hamilton Spectator of May 26th:

To the Editor of THE HAMILTON SPECTATOR:

Master Euro—I think ye are gas

hard on usบรthes who signed the petition for a licensed house in Hamilton. Ye

are us awful names tee. I dinna think ye

has the right tee say that we are trip tee

bring ruin and dissolution on the inhabi-

tants o' Hamilt— and the folkies roun-

about it. I think myself it is good

Temples wha and tryin to bring ruin

and dissolution. Ye dinna well as I

say that there will be fukey sell'd at Hamilt-

other tee des in teek keek yersels

strach. an I think we can manage a right

Cit. on the other han if ye the Guid

Temples are scared o' fawn inas the fukey

barres, we fitter parrties will come tee

yer resude, an we'll see a bit letteree awa

don tan Ottawa, te the bold bimmers, an

tell the tan pit a stop tee the makin o'

funny for the Guid Temples o' Hamilt

and the surinna district are gas shak-

kin, an they might think if they hid

the trap, wha ca' licensed house in

their house, they cuide thole the tem-

tation. Now, as our Editor, this is a can a

free country, and as long as they make the

fukey we and enjoy the privileges of other

places. It is a case o' the majority takin

advantage of the minority, that we hear so much about just now.

No in conclusion just one a licensed house, and that will gas like, and say his fair share of the review, an then we'll shake han's wi' ye an sing.

It canin near, it will be here.

It comin near for a that.

That man be man the world oor.

Will brothers be an a that.

SCOTT.

ELKHORN WINS.

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF LA-CROSSE MATCHES WON BY ELKHORN 9 GOALS TO 1.

The lacrosse match on Tuesday afternoon, Virden vs. Elkhorn, was an interesting game and was witnessed by a large number of spectators. This was the first of a series of three matches to be played between these two clubs for the flag and banner given in connection with the sport at Virden on May 22nd. The two teams lined up shortly after three o'clock as follows, with Mr. Atkinson as referee:

ELKHORN. VIRDEN.

T. Simington Goal D. Smith
R. G. Stevenson Points H. Matheson
H. Parker Cov. Point S. Wyatt
E. Burns Defence Field D. Brown
R. McLoughry " A. Balkwill
H. McLauchlan " E. Newman
W. Simington Centre J. McAlpine
D. Douglas Home Field E. Nims
A. Parker Outside J. McAlpine
J. Hoy Inside W. K. Climo

The teams were about evenly matched, and the first game was won by Virden after forty-six minutes hard play. Climo scoring.

The second game was won by Hoy for Elkhorn in 4 minutes.

The third and last game was very exciting, and some excellent play was made by both teams, but the Elkhorn boys proved too much for their opponents, and Aspinwall succeeded in passing the ball between the flags from a considerable distance from the goal—a straight shot—and thus terminated the game leaving the score 2 to 1 in favor of Elkhorn.

POINTERS.

The Elkhorn boys expected success and took with them a number of flags to decorate their rigs on the return trip. They very naturally felt quite elated over the victory.

Walter Parker played a splendid game throughout and also did Hoy, who made a fine finish.

Aspinwall, Douglas and Rogers worked hard and effectively, and the way "Jimmy" tried to climb over his tall check was highly creditable.

Stevenson was a tower of strength and time and again frustrated the plans of the enemy. He was admirably assisted by McLoughry, H. Parker and McLauchlan.

W. Simington and Burns both worked hard and played a good game.

Tom Simington is a good goal keeper and showed it.

The Elkhorn team won the match by playing throughout and should really have taken every game. It was, however, a very interesting match and the play far ahead of anything seen on the 22nd of May.

The best of good feeling prevailed and such names do much to create strong friendship between the two towns.

The Virden players entertained the visitors to supper and in every way tried to make things pleasant for them.

THF FISK JUBILEE SINGERS.

The Fisk Jubilee Singers will give a concert in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening next, under the auspices of the Foresters. The Free Press has the following to say of this company:

"A criticism of music is a difficult matter at any time; yet it is more difficult to describe the effects, which are produced by the marvellous blendings of this organisation. The leading members of this company are very fine soloists. The chorus—the chief features are—an even balance and a beautiful harmony, a perfect control over the voices by the leader and a conspicuous absence of a harsh or grating note at all times. Besides all the old favorites, a number of new songs have been added to their repertoire. Mrs. De Hart, who, as Jennie Jackson, delighted the world with her plantation songs in 1871, is still with the company, acting in the capacity of leading soprano and musical director. Mr. C. W. Payne has a delightfully clear tenor-voice, and his songs are always well received. Mr. J. N. Caldwell, second baritone, is a whole man-in himself. He has been with them nine years, and is simply indescribable. A male quartette will be a special feature of the concert."

No doubt there will be a large turnout to hear these wonderful singers, who are known the wide world over as being good producers of music. Tickets 75c. and 50c. Plan of hall at Broadley's Hardware Store.

BIRTHS.

BROADLEY.—On May 17th, while on a

visit to her parents in England, the wife

of J. Bradford of Elkhorn, a daughter,

was born.

THE CANADA NORTH WEST LAND CO. (LIMITED).

Have the option of selecting under the terms of agreement with

the CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

OVER 1,000,000 ACRES

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in Manitoba, which they offer for sale on easy terms.

No cultivation conditions.

Write for particulars of the Company's system of accepting Shares instead of Cash in payment of Lands, by which a considerable saving is effected.

TOWN LOTS

for Sale in the Towns and Villages Maps and other information can be obtained at the offices of the Company, 339 Main Street, Winnipeg. Or from

C. F. TRAVIS, Agent, Elkhorn.

W. B. SCARTH, Land Commissioner.

MARRIAGE.

TALBOT-HORN.—At Toronto on May 30th

Rev. T. M. Talbot of Elkhorn, to Miss

Horn of Toronto; Rev. Dr. Sutherland

officiating.

STRAYED.

One 3 year old steer also one yearling

steer, both red and white. Information

will be thankfully received by J. Bradford

Elkhorn P. O.

Elkhorn P. O.

Sec. 14 11-22.

ELKHORN WINS.

FOR SALE.

ELKHORN 9 GOALS TO 1.

ELKHORN MARKETS.

ELKHORN DISTRICT ADVOCATE, ELKHORN.

LAUNDRY.

Mrs. Bagg, an experienced laundress, used to steam laundries, wishes to inform

the public, that she has commenced busi-

ness on the south side of the railway

track where she is prepared to do all kinds

of laundry work.

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ELKHORN DISTRICT ADVOCATE, ELKHORN.

LAUNDRY.

Mrs. Bagg, an experienced laundress, used to steam laundries, wishes to inform

the public, that



"Of course, the caravan has its inconveniences. Inside, to quote the elegant simile of our party, it is a 'cave,' a den, a lair, a den, a place to sleep in, a den, and my bed is made; and Tim's hammock is swung just inside the door, the place forms the nest of sleeping chambers. Then, our cooking arrangements are primitive, and, as Tim has no idea whatever in the cutlery, are not to be relied on. The pots consist of thin skins, and make very doubtful stirabout; there is a certain want of variety in our repasts." To break the monotony of this living, I endeavor whenever we come to a town with a decent hotel in it to take a square meal away from home.

"Besides, the inconveniences which I have mentioned, which were hardly worth chronicling, the Caravan has social drawbacks, more particularly embarrassing to a modest man like myself. It is confusing, for example, on entering a town or good-sized village, to be surrounded by the emigrant girls, who, with a frankness which I consider to be the expression that we constitute a 'show,' pursue us with opprobrious jeers; and it is distressing to remark that our mode of life, instead of inviting confidence, causes us to be regarded with suspicion by the Vicar of the parish, and the local police.

"We are exposed, moreover, to ebullitions of bucolic humor, which have taken the form of horse-play on more than one occasion. Tim has had several fights with the Welsh peasantry, and has generally come off victorious; though, on one occasion, he would have been beaten, had it not been for the fact that I had gone to his assistance. Generally, speaking, nothing will remove from the rural population an idea that the Caravan forms an exhibition or some sort. When I slyly sit and stroll through a village sketch book in hand, I have invariably at my heels a long and train of all the aborigines under the impression that I am looking for a suitable 'pitch,' and am going to 'perform.'

"To avoid these and similar inconveniences we generally hold in some secluded spot—some roadside nook or outlying common. But there is a fatal attraction in the Caravan; it seems to draw people, and, out of the very heart of the earth. No matter how desolate the place we have chosen, we have scarcely made ourselves comfortable when an audience gathers, and strangers drop in, amazed and open-mouthed. I found itarksome at first to paint the open, with a gaping crowd at my door, making a noise and causing me to work as it progressed; but I soon got used to it, and, having discovered certain good 'subjects' here and there among my visitors, I take the publicity now as a matter of course. Even when busied inside I am never as touched by the steady noise that has come against the windows, as the faces peeping in at the door. The human temperament accustoms itself to anything. When all is said and done, it is flattering to be an object of such public interest; and I do believe that, when I return to civilization, and find no one caring in the least what I do, I shall miss the worldly tribute which is now my daily due.

"I begin this record in the Island of Anglesea, where we have arrived after our fortnight's wanderings in the more mountainous districts of the mainland Anglesea. I am informed, is chiefly a man of the world, who has had, so far as I have yet explored, I find it fat and desolate enough; but I have been educated in Irish landscapes, and don't object to desolation when combined with desolation. I like these dreary meadows, these bleak stretches of melancholy moorland, these wild lakes and legends.

"At the present moment I am encamped in a spot where, in all probability, I shall remain for days. I came upon it quite by accident about midday yesterday, when on my way to the market town of Penrascos; or, rather, when I thought I was on my way. The path will lead, in reality, after halting at three cross-roads, taken the road which led in exactly the opposite direction. The way was desolate and dreary beyond measure—stretches of moor and moorland on every side, occasionally rising into heathery knolls or hillocks, covered with large pieces of slate and the remains of Coal-gull. Presently the open moorland ended, and we entered a region of sandy hillocks, sparsely ornamented here and there with long, harsh grass. If one could imagine the waves of the ocean, at some moment of wild agitation, suddenly frozen to stillness, and rendered immovable, it would form a picture which could give some idea of the hillocks I am describing. They rose on every side of the road, completely shutting out the view, and their pale, livid yellowness, scarcely relieved with a glimpse of greenness, was wearisome and lonely in the extreme. As we advanced, the road we had been following grew worse and worse till it became so choked, and covered with drift and sand as to be scarcely recognizable, and I need hardly say that it was hard work for one horse to pull the Caravan along; more than once, indeed, the wheels fairly stuck, and Tim and I had to pull with might and main to get them free.

"We had proceeded in this manner for some miles, and I was beginning to realize the fact that we were out of our reckoning, when, suddenly emerging from between two sand hills, I saw a wide stretch of green meadow land, and beyond it a glorified piece of water. The water shone brightly, and resembled like a sheet of glass, and without a breath. As we appeared a large heron rose from the spot on the waterside where he had been standing.

"Still as a stone, without a sound, and sailed leisurely away. Around the lake, which was about a mile in circumference, the road ran winding till it reached the further side, where more sand hills began, and I caught a sparkling glimpse of more water, and (guided to my conclusion by the red sail of a fabled smack just glimmering in the horizon line) I knew that further water was—the sea.

"The spot had all the attraction of complete desolation, combined with the desolation of a world which had no claims to lake and lagoon. Eager as a boy or a loosened retriever I ran across the meadow and found the grass long and green, and sown with innumerable crowfoot flowers; underneath the green was sand again, but here it glimmered

like gold dust. As I reached the sedges on the lake side a teal rose, in full summer plumage, wheeled swiftly round the lake, then returning splashed down boldly and swam within a stone's throw of the shore, when, peering through the rushes, I caught a glimpse of him, and, suddenly, he was gone, along with a series of little flings off down behind her. Then, just outside the sedges, I saw the golden shield of water broken, by the circles of rising trout. It was too much. I has ten back to the Caravan and informed Tim that I had a desire of going fishing—that day, at least.

"So here we have been since yesterday and, up to this, have not set eyes upon a single soul. Such peace and quietness is a foretaste of Paradise. As this is the most satisfactory day I have yet spent in my pilgrimage, although it is not the most eventful, I have given up the other days of the past fortnight. I purpose setting down, verbatim seriatim, and chronologically, the manner in which I occupied myself from sunset to sunset.

"8 A.M.—Woke, and see that Tim has already prepared his breakfast, and is sitting at the table, looking in with a fresh, cherry countenance at the window. Turn over again with a yawn, and go to sleep for another five minutes.

"7.15 A.M.—Wake again, and discover, by looking at my watch, that it is half past six. Turn over again, and, with a yawn, pass out into the open air. No sign of Tim, but a fire is lighted close to the Caravan, which shadows it from the rays of the morning sun. Strut down to the lake and, throwing off what garments I have on, bathe. I have not yet got out for a swim on account of the reeds. The bath over, return and finish my toilet in the Caravan.

"8 A.M.—Tim has reappeared. He has been right down to the seashore, a walk of about two miles and a half. He has a small meal, and, after a short nap, some sort of a human settlement there, and a life-boat station. He has brought back in his baguet, as specimens of the local products, a dozen new-laid eggs, some milk, and a loaf of bread. The last, I observe, is in a fossil state. Ask who sold it him. "He answers, Will Jones."

"8.30 A.M.—We breakfast splendidly. Even the fossil loaf yields sustenance when it is cut up and dissolved in hot tea. Between whilsts Tim informs me that the settlement down yonder is, in his opinion, a poor sort of place. There are several whitewashed houses, and a large, modest house, for all the world like a church. Devil the cow or pig did he see at all, barin' a few hens. Any boats? I ask. Yes, one with the bottom knocked out, belonging to William Jones."

"Tim has got this name so pat that my mind begins to go. "What does Tim do? Is William Jones?" "Sure, thin, he's the man that lives down beyond, by the sea," I demand, somewhat irritably, if the place contains only one inhabitant. Dived another did Tim see, he explains—barin' William Jones. I ask again, "Where does he live?"

"Without speaking, she stretched out her arm and pointed across the lake in the direction of the sea. I could not help noticing them, as an artist, that the sleeve of her gown was loose and torn, and that her arm was round and well formed, and her hand, though rough and sunburnt, was quite gently sinewy. "If it is not inquisitive, may I ask your name?"

""Matt," was the reply.

"Is that all? What is your other name?"

"I've got no other name. I'm Matt, I am."

"Indeed! Do your parents live here?"

"Got no parents," was the reply.

"Your relations, then. You belong to some one, I suppose?"

"Yes," she answered, nibbling rapidly. "I belong to William Jones."

"Oh, to him, I said, feeling as familiar with the name as if I had known it all my life. "But he's not your father!"

"She shook her head emphatically.

"But of course he's a relation?"

"Another shake of the head."

"But you belong to him? I said, considerably puzzled. "Where were you born?"

"I wasn't born at all," answered Matt. "I came ashore."

"This was what the immortal Dick Swiveller would have called a 'staggerer.' I looked at the girl again, inspecting her curiously from toe to toe. Without taking her from me, I stood up, and, as carefully as I could, did the same with the other foot. She was certainly not bad-looking, though evidently a very rough diamond. Even the extraordinary headgear became her well."

"I know what you was doing there," she cried suddenly, pointing to my easel.

"What was I doing?"

"The discovery not being a brilliant one, I took no trouble to confirm it; but Matt thereupon walked over to the canvas and, stooping down, examined it with undisguised curiosity. Presently she glanced again at me.

CHAPTER III.

MATT MAKES HER FIRST APPEARANCE.

"Eureka! I have had an adventure at last; and, yet, after all, what am I talking about? It is no adventure at all, but only a common-place incident. This is how it happened:

"I was seated this morning before my easel, out in the open air, painting bunting, when I thought I heard a movement behind me. Then, just outside the sedges, I saw the golden shield of water broken, by the circles of rising trout. It was too much. I has ten back to the Caravan and informed Tim that I had a desire of going fishing—that day, at least.

"So here we have been since yesterday and, up to this, have not set eyes upon a single soul. Such peace and quietness is a foretaste of Paradise.

"This is the most satisfactory day I have yet spent in my pilgrimage, although it is not the most eventful, I have given up the other days of the past fortnight. I purpose setting down, verbatim seriatim, and chronologically, the manner in which I occupied myself from sunset to sunset.

"I should have promised, by the way, that Tim had gone off on another excursion into the Jones' territory, on the quest for more eggs and milk.

"I glanced over my shoulder, and, under my sunshade, a pair of large, dark eyes—fixed not upon me, but upon the canvas I was painting.

"Not in the least surprised, I thought to myself, "At last! The Caravan has exercised its spell upon the district, and the user of the open air begins to gather." So I went trundling on, painting bunting, etc., when I thought I heard a movement behind me.

"I should have promised, by the way, that Tim had gone off on another excursion into the Jones' territory, on the quest for more eggs and milk.

"Presently, however, fatigued with my work, I indiffered in a great yawn, and rose to stretch myself. I then perceived that my audience was more select than the numerous, consisting of only one individual—sitting perched on a chimney-pot hat.

"Closer observation showed me that said hat was set on a head of closely-cropped, curly black hair, beneath which there shone a brown, boyish face freckled with sun and wind, a pair of bright black eyes and a laughing mouth, with two rows of the whitest of teeth. But the face,

as I looked at it, was not a boy's face.

"A PAIR OF BRIGHT BLACK EYES AND A LAUGHING MOUTH, WITH TWO ROWS OF THE WHITEST OF TEETH."

Brantford, Jan. 1.—The Expositor has published an article on the case of Archie Rynan of this city, which has caused considerable excitement in Brantford and district. It appears Mr. Rynan had had more than a dozen fits during the past few years, so far was he run down from kidney disease that he had lost the power of his limbs and back. He could only get around with the aid of a crutch, and, when he did, it was with evident difficulty. His death was daily expected. On the advice of his wife he tried Dodd's Kidney Pills, and took in all nineteen boxes. His improvement was very rapid and frequent, and he is now completely cured and is a living testimony of the curative powers of that wonderful remedy.

Montreal, Jan. 1.—A woman who

had been right well recommended

had been taken ill, and had

been sent to Dr. Sonora's

Extract of Wild Strawberry.

"I wonder why the wedding was postponed?" said one girl to another. "It was because of something she said." "What was it?" "She told me she couldn't cook, but she was going to learn."

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